Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorſon tiſick, a whorſon raſcally tiſick, ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ache in my bones, that vnleſſe a man were curſt I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhe there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frõ the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites: excurſions.

Therſi. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcuruie dooting fooliſh knaues ſleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine ſee them meete, that that ſame young Troyan aſſe that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſterly villaine with the ſleeue, back to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe of a ſleeue-leſſe arrant. Ath' tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raskalls; that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten drye cheeſe *Neſtor*: and that ſame dogge-foxe *Uliſſes*, is not prooú'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes ſleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for ſhouldſt thou take the riuer Stix, I would ſwim after,

Diomed. Thou dooſt miſcall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

Now

Now the ſleeue, now the ſlee

Enter

Hect. What art Greeke, a
Art thou of bloud and hono

Ther. No, no, I am a raſca
filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleeue thee, li

Ther. God a mercy, that tho
breake thy neck --- for ſuch
wenching roagues? I thinke
ther. I would laugh at that
eates it ſelfe, ile ſeeke them.

Enter Diom

Dio. Goe go, my ſeruant ta
Preſent the faire ſteed to my
Fellow commend my ſeruice
Tell her I haue chaſtiſ'd the
And am her knight by proo

Man. I goe my Lord.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fier
Hath beate downe *Menon*: b
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands *Coloſſus* wiſe wau
Vpon the paſhed corſes of th
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixi*
Amphimacus and *Thous* dea
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and
Sore hurt and bruiſed, the dr
Appalls our numbers, haſt we
To re-enforcement or we per

Enter

Neſt. Go beare *Patroclus* bo
And bid the ſnail-pac't *Aia*
There is a thouſand *Hectors*
Now here he fights on *Galat*
And there lacks worke, anon
And there they flie or die, like
Before the belching Whale,